

MANHUNT

FINUCANE'S KILLER

(#3215)

Screenplay by
Margaret and Paul Schneider
FINAL DRAFT
July 1, 1960

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CAST

FINUCANE

ANDREWS

KIRK

JACK BAILEY

BOOKKEEPER

MAY JOHNSON

TELEPHONE CALLER

UNIFORMED OFFICER

DR. RAMSAY

SETS

EXTERIORS:

WAREHOUSE
COUNTY HOSPITAL
SEVERAL SAN DIEGO STREETS
LARGE STORE
POLICE QUADRANGLE (STOCK)
SAN DIEGO FREEWAY
HALF DEMOLISHED BUILDING
MAIN SAN DIEGO STREET
ROOFTOP

INTERIORS:

POLICE RECEPTION ROOM
FINUCANE'S OFFICE (STOCK)
EMERGENCY RECEIVING
POLICE LAB (STOCK)
POLICE RECORDS ROOM
HOTEL
BAR
PHONE BOOTH
POLICE CORRIDOR (STOCK)
MORGUE
PAWN SHOP
UNDERGROUND GARAGE

NOTE

Please make certain during the shooting of this picture that the following "don'ts" are observed in regard to actions and pieces of business:

1. No Smoking or use or display of any type of tobacco products.
2. No use of matches or mechanical lighters.
3. No use of beer or alcoholic beverages of any kind.
4. No drunkenness.
5. No shaving or display of shaving equipment.
6. No derogatory treatment of food or drug products, household appliances or automobiles.
7. When such props are required, no use of identifiable brand features of any food, drug, or appliance products, either in labels or in peculiarity or uniqueness of shape or design.

FINUCANE'S KILLER

(#3215)

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

1 MEDIUM SHOT SWITCHBOARD 1
A young UNIFORMED OFFICER sits at the switchboard and answers calls. On a wall beside him we see a bank of lights... Suddenly one of the lights begins flashing on and off, and the Officer reacts sharply as he sees it. Over this:

ANDREWS' VOICE
Tuesday... eleven fifteen P.M.
A light near the switchboard at
Police Headquarters begins to
flash. A silent burglar alarm's
been tripped at the Caldwell
Storage Company on "G" Street...
Someone has broken in.

The Officer quickly plugs in a couple of lines to make calls.

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

2 CLOSE SHOT FINUCANE 2
in shirt sleeves, sitting at his desk and working over a report. Continuing over:

ANDREWS' VOICE
... It's one of Lieutenant Howard
Finucane's routine evenings at
his office. A detective with
Finucane's responsibilities is
never caught up... there is
evidence to sift on new cases,
court testimony to prepare on
the old ones, reports to file
on all -- and sometimes an
emergency call to answer...

We see FINUCANE lift the phone and identify himself. He listens a moment, then hangs up and hastily grabs his coat as he leaves the office.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

82

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

3 MEDIUM SHOT 3
of a wall facing an alley. A small window is part-way opened;
an iron ladder runs up the warehouse wall beside it. A police
car is parked nearby. Finucane examines the jimmied window,
while patrolmen search the area.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(over)

In a matter of minutes, the police
are at the Caldwell warehouse.
Finucane finds a jimmied window
that set off the alarm in the
station -- but the intruder
leaves no other sign of his
presence...

Finucane glances around, and up to the roof. He begins to
climb the iron wall-ladder. CAMERA PULLS back sharply, all
the way across the street. Immediately in the foreground,
a rifle is brought into scene. It is being trained on the
figure starting to climb the ladder.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(continuing over)

... No other sign but one...

4 ANOTHER ANGLE ON FINUCANE 4
We hear the sharp report of the shot. Finucane clutches
the ladder a moment, then goes slack and falls several feet
to the ground, as we:

FADE OUT.

OPENING COMMERCIAL

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

5 SHOT ENTRANCE 5
showing BEN ANDREWS and PAUL KIRK hurrying into the building.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(over)

Inside half an hour, Finucane's
young assistant, Paul Kirk, was
at San Diego County Hospital...
and I was right along with him.

5 CONTINUED:

5

ANDREWS' VOICE
I'm Ben Andrews of the 'Chronicle.'
I've received many a call to
cover stories at the County
Emergency ward -- none that
worried me more than this
one... Lieutenant Finucane
is my friend...

INT. EMERGENCY WARD ROOM - NIGHT

6 SHOT YOUNG DOCTOR 6
as he puts away equipment. Through the door in b.g., Kirk
and Andrews hurry into the room.

KIRK
(urgently)
Where's the Lieutenant?

7 ANOTHER ANGLE 7
Finucane lies on an examining table behind the DOCTOR. He
sits up now, and we see that his shoulder is bandaged.

FINUCANE
I'm here, Paul. Thanks for
coming down.

ANDREWS
Howard!... How are you?

FINUCANE
My shoulder's getting a little
stiff -- but I feel all right...
(grins)
Not quite ready to dance a jig
yet -- but not too bad.

ANDREWS
(relieved)
...Well -- a fine thing! I come
busting down here expecting to
find you at death's door --
and here you are cracking jokes...

FINUCANE
Sorry, Ben. I might've made it
to that door -- if it wasn't
for you...

ANDREWS
Me?!

7 CONTINUED:

7

Finucane reaches out to the end of the examining table and holds up a notebook. Its leather covering is decorated with a silver replica of a San Diego police badge -- now bent out of shape.

FINUCANE

Remember the notebook you gave me for Christmas? That silver badge on it deflected the bullet upward...

ANDREWS

(examines notebook)

...Wish I'd've known! I'd've had this badge made kingsized...

The Doctor helps Finucane on with his shirt, and arranges a sling for his arm.

FINUCANE

(to Kirk)

Anything on my sniper?

KIRK

... Not a trace. We've got the area blocked off -- doing a door-to-door search... But --

(shakes his head)

there were fifty paths he could've escaped by.

FINUCANE

Tell them to search for that rifle slug. Better try the roofs...

He gets down from the examining table; and when he moves his shoulder, he winces with pain.

KIRK

(jaw tightening as he watches Finucane)

Don't worry, Lieutenant! We're going to find this guy!

ANDREWS

(taking out note pad)

What's the story, Howard? You surprised a burglar, and he took a shot at you -- is that about it?

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

FINUCANE
(carefully)
I don't know, Ben. It could've
been...
(thinking)
or it could've been something
else.

ANDREWS
(frowning)
Something else?... What, for
instance?

FINUCANE
It could've been a trap...
(beat)
just for me.

As he nods to the Doctor and starts for the door, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE LAB (STOCK) - DAY

8 SHOT LAB WORKER 8
as he does a microscopic examination of a rifle slug.

ANDREWS' VOICE
(over)
The deflected slug that had
wounded Finucane was found on
the roof of the Caldwell warehouse.
A thirty-thirty... No record on
the markings...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

9 SHOT KIRK AND ANDREWS 9
Andrews watches as Kirk minutely examines the area -- climbs
the ladder as Finucane had. Continuing over:

ANDREWS' VOICE (O.S.)

At the site of the shooting, the firing position of the sniper was determined -- but little else, except his probable route of escape through a back alley...

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE - DAY

10 SHOT OVER FINUCANE'S SHOULDER 10
showing him at work at his desk. He wears his jacket like a
cape over his arm-sling, as he does throughout the rest of
this episode. Beyond him, the door to the corridor is open.
Andrews passes slowly by, checking over some notes he has
made.

ANDREWS' VOICE (O.S.)

...I had to report in my news story that Lieutenant Finucane's assailant remained unidentified.

Andrews glances idly into Finucane's office. Then continues down the corridor, and o.s. After a moment, he rushes back to the open doorway.

ANDREWS

Howard! What're you doing here today?!

11 ANOTHER ANGLE
Finucane looks up from his work.

FINUCANE

Why shouldn't I be here?

ANDREWS

(scolding)
You've been shot, man...! When
you're shot, you lie down!

Finucane laughs, and looks through his papers.

FINUCANE

Wasn't much more than a nick...
And I've got all this work to
do...

75

11 CONTINUED:

11

FINUCANE (cont'd)
(pointing out reports)
...That robbery out in National
City...The missing bank messenger
from the store on Water Street...

ANDREWS
You think all this stuff can't
wait?!

FINUCANE
(leaning back)
Look, Ben -- you know my theory
about breaks. Bad or good --
you accept them, and go on from
there.
(thoughtfully shuffling
papers again)
I'm going on to find out who
might want to see me out of the
way...

Andrews thinks it over, and shakes his head dubiously.

ANDREWS
I don't see it, Howard. This
isn't the first time a burglary
suspect's shot at a policeman --
it won't be the last...
(frowning)
That fact's worrisome enough,
without figuring some punk had
you marked for a surprise party...

FINUCANE
(leaning back)
Well, let's look at it. Somebody
trips a burglar alarm, then waits
across the street with a rifle...
Cop-hater? Maybe. But he doesn't
shoot at just any Officer. He
waits for me...

ANDREWS
(not sold)
Maybe you were just Lucky Pierre...
After all, think of what the guy
would've had to know...for one
thing, he would've had to know
you were on duty last night...

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

FINUCANE

Not hard to find out -- for a
man arranging a surprise party...

The telephone rings, and Finucane pauses to answer it.

FINUCANE

(into phone)

Finucane...All right, send
Bailey in.

He hangs up and turns back to Andrews. Andrews indicates
the phone.

ANDREWS

Jack Bailey -- information for
sale...

FINUCANE

That's the one...Maybe he's heard
something.

ANDREWS

You trust him?

FINUCANE

Far as I can throw his record.
But I've done him some favors --
he does some for me.

12 NEW ANGLE FAVORING DOOR

12

In the entranceway appears JACK BAILEY -- a husky young
man with a quick but uneasy smile. He nods to Andrews.

BAILEY

(nervously, from door)

Hi, Lieutenant...!

(pointing to arm-sling)

Sorry to hear about your --
uh -- accident --

FINUCANE

Accidents will happen.

(business-like)

What do you want, Bailey?

Bailey looks around, then closes the door behind him. He
comes toward the desk and drapes himself into the chair
beside it.

12 CONTINUED:

12

BAILEY

Just thought I'd drop by...
find out how it's going...

(looking to
Andrews)

Lots of guys want to know how
the Lieutenant's doing after
his...accident.

ANDREWS

(eyeing him with
distaste)

Touching...Tell 'em it's ruined
his game of two-handed solitaire...

BAILEY

Funny man.

ANDREWS

Yeah, I'm a riot...And what's
new with you, Bailey?

BAILEY

(off-handed)

Oh -- you know...I manage to
pick up a couple.

ANDREWS

Couple of what?

Bailey smiles sourly, and doesn't answer. Finucane goes
back to his paper work.

FINUCANE

Still working in that shop on
McClure Place?

Bailey shifts in his chair.

BAILEY

Nah. I blew that pad long ago...
I'm on kind of a vacation now...

13 CLOSER SHOT BAILEY
as he looks meaningfully at Finucane.

13

BAILEY

(beat)

...If I was you, Lieutenant, I'd
take a quick vacation, too. You
took a little tired. Couple of
months in Mexico'd fix you up fine.

14 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE FINUCANE
He studies Bailey.

14

FINUCANE
Get to the point, Bailey.

BAILEY
(lowering voice)
Look, Lieutenant -- I'm just
telling you what's on the grape-
vine. The word is -- somebody's
carrying a grudge. A real hot
one.

FINUCANE
(quietly)
Who?

BAILEY
No names. But I'll give you
this: Grab that vacation now --
or they'll be making book you'll
never take it!

15 ANGLE ON ANDREWS 15
scowling. He stares at Bailey, and over to Finucane, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET (STOCK) - DAY

16 SHOT UNDERCOVER CAR 16
as it drives toward camera. Over:

ANDREWS' VOICE
After Bailey left Police Head-
quarters, Finucane continued
with his investigation as calmly
as on any ordinary day. He paid
particular attention to the case
where a store's bank messenger
was missing with ten thousand
dollars in receipts.

EXT. LARGE STORE - DAY

17 MEDIUM SHOT THE STORE FRONT 17
showing its big sign: "ARTISAN'S EMPORIUM." People pass in
and out, many carrying hardware items...Finucane stands near

17 CONTINUED:

17

the door, talking with a crisp-looking woman BOOKKEEPER -- while Paul Kirk and Andrews wait nearby and nervously eye the street in either direction.

ANDREWS' VOICE (O.S.)

...But if Finucane was calm about the threat to his life, there were at least two others who were not. Paul Kirk and myself...We fluttered around him like a couple of mother hens. The 'Artisan's Emporium' was a big, barn-like store -- one of those do-it-yourself hardware palaces -- and it was impossible to keep an eye on everyone.

A passerby suddenly stops to check something in his pocket, and both Andrews and Kirk tense, until he continues on his way. Kirk looks over at Andrews, and blows out his breath.

18 CLOSER SHOT FINUCANE
as he talks to the Bookkeeper.

18

FINUCANE

...Mister Neil Chaney has been employed at the store for twelve years -- is that right?

BOOKKEEPER

At least twelve. He was here before the place was built...! A reliable man -- everybody can vouch for that...

FINUCANE

But he never showed up at the bank yesterday. Neither did the store's receipts.

(points o.s.
across street)

His car is still where he left it -- no reports of any trouble...

BOOKKEEPER

(shaking her head)

Something must've happened to him. Mister Chaney wasn't the kind to run off...

18 CONTINUED:

18

FINUCANE
(surprise question)
Tell me -- is Mister Chaney a
man who likes to gamble...?

BOOKKEEPER
(taken aback)
Gamble...? No...! Well, that
is, I know he goes down across
the border to Caliente sometimes
-- but I'd hardly call that --
I mean, I'm sure it isn't in
large amounts!

19 ANOTHER ANGLE 19
Another store customer drops an armload of tools right behind
Finucane. At the clatter, Kirk whirls around, ready for
trouble. He and Andrews exchange another look -- and Andrews
bends to help the customer retrieve his purchases.

ANDREWS
(handing the man
a ball-peen)
There you are. Hammer away...

The man nods his thanks, and hurries off...Meanwhile, Kirk
can't contain himself any longer.

KIRK
(stepping up to
Finucane)
Lieutenant -- why not continue
the questioning inside...?

FINUCANE
Just a minute, Kirk.
(going on; to
Bookkeeper)
Now when Mister Chaney went to
the bank yesterday, he left the
store in this direction?

BOOKKEEPER
(pointing o.s.)
That's right. His car is always
parked in that lot.

FINUCANE
So he crossed the street here...

Finucane steps off the curb to retrace the messenger's steps.

20 ANOTHER SHOT 20
We see an unmarked truck start up down the street and wheel sharply into lane. It accelerates rapidly and bears down on Finucane.

21 SHOT FAVORING ANDREWS 21
He reacts as he sees the truck.

ANDREWS
Howard!! Look out!

He dives for Finucane and drags him back, as the truck roars close by...Kirk runs into the street to look after the truck that wheels out of sight around a corner.

KIRK
License plate was bent! Last
three numbers were seven, seven,
one...

22 TWO SHOT ANDREWS AND FINUCANE 22
As Kirk hurries by to return to the Undercover Car, the
Lieutenant grins at Andrews.

FINUCANE
Thanks, Ben. That's two I owe
you...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET (STOCK) - DAY

23 SHOT PATROL CAR 23
as it weaves through heavy traffic.

ANDREWS' VOICE
Kirk drove off in pursuit, and
radioed a description to other
patrol car units in the area...
But the truck that had almost
run down Finucane lost itself in
heavy traffic...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS YARD (STOCK) - DAY

24 SHOT FINUCANE AND KIRK
as they park the car and get out.

24

ANDREWS' VOICE

Another near miss for the Lieutenant.
Accidental, or on purpose? There
was no way of telling...One thing
we did know -- somebody was out for
murder...Finucane was faced with
the job of stopping a would-be
killer -- and this time the
intended victim was himself...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE - DAY

25 CLOSE SHOT ' ANDREWS ' 25
His expression reflects his worry, as he leans over the desk
and talks intensely.

 ANDREWS
Look - maybe Bailey had a point.
Maybe a vacation now would be a
good thing...

26 WIDER ANGLE 26
to show Finucane working over a list on his desk.

 FINUCANE
You too, Ben?

 ANDREWS
Well, why not? You've got one
coming anyhow!... Don't you have
a little niece and nephew living
up in Seattle?

 FINUCANE
That's right.

He reaches over to pad to make a note.

 FINUCANE
(continuing)
Reminds me - I have to send them
birthday presents...

 ANDREWS
Better yet - why not pay them a
visit...?

 FINUCANE
(stopping him)
Listen, Ben -- I'm a policeman.
I don't stop being one because
somebody who doesn't like me has
a gun...or for any other reason.
(getting thoughtful)
What would be the motive of
someone out to get me?...

 ANDREWS
Motive!! Why, I can rattle off
the names of twenty criminals
who'd have a motive to kill you!

26 CONTINUED:

26

FINUCANE
(thoughtful)
...Yes -- that's the 'grudge'
theory...

ANDREWS
And it's a pretty good one!
What other one is there???...I
myself have heard them sit
right here in this office and
swear they'd get you! I don't
even remember half of 'em --

27 ANOTHER ANGLE

27

Finucane turns back and picks up the list on his desk to
hand it over to Andrews.

FINUCANE
I think you'll find all the
names on this list...

Andrews glances over the list and shakes his head.

ANDREWS
...It's long enough, isn't it?

FINUCANE
We can discount most of them. A
man can say a lot of things when
he realizes he's been thoroughly
nailed...

ANDREWS
(reading list)
Yeah - just a bunch of playful
kids...Murderers - robbers -
kidnappers - and they all owe
their prison sentences to
Howard Finucane!...

FINUCANE
(carefully)
...I'm not saying it isn't one
of those men...

Andrews spots something that gets a reaction out of him,
and he pokes the page with his finger.

ANDREWS
What about this fellow Ed Wiler?!
If you ask me - his name should
be on top of this list!

123

27 CONTINUED:

27

FINUCANE

(quietly)
I haven't forgotten Ed Wiler...

ANDREWS

You can bet he hasn't forgotten you!...He swore he'd pay you back for pinning a kidnap rap on him...

FINUCANE

(dismissing it)
Wiler's been in Federal prison a long time now...

ANDREWS

(slapping list)
Okay - what about these others? All of them aren't tucked away so neatly!

FINUCANE

We're looking into those angles, Ben.

(frowning)

But there are some elements of this 'grudge' theory that haven't sold me yet... For instance - why not sooner?... Why wait with the grudge until this point?...And if there has been talk of someone with revenge on his mind, why haven't I heard it before?...

ANDREWS

You've heard it now...via one thirty-thirty slug, to start with...

28 ANOTHER ANGLE

28

There is a quick knock on the door, and Kirk comes into the office. He's checking through a sheaf of papers.

KIRK

I've finished a run-down on the grudge list, Lieutenant. Three-quarters of them are still inside. The rest narrow down to six or seven possibilities.

28 CONTINUED:

28

ANDREWS

All of them right here in the city?

KIRK

Well, at least they could be...
(checking his notes)

Four whose current address is San Diego... one reported to've moved back here from L.A. ... another released from prison last month...another seen passing through town...

FINUCANE

(picking up his
copy of the list)

Which is the man just out of prison?

KIRK

(glancing at note)

The one named Ed Wiler...

MOVE IN for:

29 TWO SHOT ANDREWS AND FINUCANE
Finucane looks steadily at Kirk, then over to Andrews.
HOLD on them as we...

29

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE RECORDS ROOM (STOCK) - DAY

30 SHOT OF OFFICER
as he goes through a file. Over:

30

ANDREWS' VOICE

Edward Wiler. Convicted of attempted murder, and conspiracy to commit murder. Sentence: twelve to twenty years.

DISSOLVE TO:

69

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET (STOCK) - DAY

31 SHOT OF UNDERCOVER CAR 31
moving through traffic. Continuing over:

ANDREWS' VOICE
...Released twenty-six days ago
from the Federal Penitentiary
at Atlanta, upon completion of
sentence -- with time off for
good behavior...Since then he
was traced back to San Diego -
to a hotel only two blocks from
Police Headquarters...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MODEST HOTEL (STOCK) - DAY

32 SHOT OF FINUCANE AND ANDREWS 32
talking to the Desk Clerk. Continuing over:

ANDREWS' VOICE
Wiler was not at the hotel,
hadn't been seen there for a
week. Dead-end...but at least
this much was a relief to all
of us: to've found out who to
look for...At least we knew
the face of the man planning
to kill Finucane...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

33 SHOT OF WAITRESS 33
as she sits with the lone customer at the dimly-lighted
bar, and whispers and laughs with him. MAY JOHNSON is a
petite blonde - of the soft-body, hard-face variety.

ANDREWS' VOICE
A city-wide search for Wiler
was begun. Meanwhile, Finucane
recalled Wiler had had a girl
friend - a Miss May Johnson.
She was located working in a
bar on Front Street...

34

ANOTHER ANGLE

34

We see Finucane and Kirk, followed by Andrews, enter the bar. Kirk looks around quickly - his hand not far from his gun. Andrews looks keenly at May Johnson's companion, as Finucane approaches her... May looks up, and her smile vanishes when she sees Finucane. Her companion gets up and leaves.

FINUCANE

Miss Johnson?... I don't know
if you remember me. I'm --

MAY JOHNSON

(looking him up and
down with hatred)
I remember you all right.

Kirk stations himself nearby - in a position where he can watch the whole place.

FINUCANE

We're wondering if you've seen
Ed Wiler since he's been out of
jail...

MAY

What if I have? That any
business of yours??

KIRK

(sharply at her)
It might be, lady, it might be!...

Finucane signals Kirk to take it easy.

FINUCANE

Where can we find him?

MAY

(hands on her hips)
Still want to hound him, don't
you?! Can't leave off of him,
can you?! It wasn't enough you
stuck him in that jail!!

FINUCANE

If you'll just tell us --

MAY

I don't have to tell you a thing!
You want to know something, find
it out yourself!

Unable to restrain himself, Andrews joins the conversation.

54

34 CONTINUED:

34

ANDREWS

Look, girlie - I'm only a reporter here, but let me give you a tip...Somebody's been trying to kill Lieutenant Finucane - and if it's your boy friend --

MAY

(staring at him)
Somebody trying to kill him? !...

After a pause, she bursts into laughter.

MAY

(continuing)
...Oh, that's wonderful! That's the best news I've heard all year!
(directly at Finucane)
Whoever it is, here's wishing him luck! It'll be one for Ed...

Kirk and Andrews boil with anger, but Finucane watches her quietly... his face expressionless.

FINUCANE

Miss Johnson - we're going to find Ed Wiler sooner or later. Your cooperation now would --

MAY

(laughingly - to the others)
It's got the Lieutenant sweating, huh?

ANDREWS

(grimly)
Not so you'd notice, dear heart.

MAY

Hey, Mister Reporter - the day you write the Lieutenant's obituary, come on around. I'll buy you a drink!

ANDREWS

That's one I think I'm gonna miss.
(sour grin)
Anyway you couldn't buy me a drink on Death Row...

May loses her own smile at that, and her eyes flash.

118

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

MAY

You're not pinning anything on me!

She looks back at Finucane - mocking again.

MAY

(continuing)

All I said was I hope the Lieutenant gets his...Can't arrest me for hoping, can you, Lieutenant?

PINUCANE

We might - if you don't tell us where to find Ed Wiler...

May glares at him a moment, and at last drops her eyes. She turns away, and starts collecting empty shot glasses.

MAY

...Try the cemetery in Phoenix, Arizona! He stole a car there and cracked it up a week ago... He's dead.

FADE OUT.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

FADE IN:

INT. RECORDS ROOM (STOCK) - DAY

35 SHOT OF FINUCANE AND KIRK
as they check a new entry. Over:

35

ANDREWS' VOICE

May Johnson's story checked out. Her ex-boy friend Ed Wiler was a week-old traffic statistic in Arizona...Finucane was right back where he started - without a clue to the identity of the person planning his murder.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET (STOCK) - DAY

36 SHOT OF PATROL CAR
pulling up to force another car to the curb.

36

ANDREWS' VOICE
Pick-ups were sent out on the
other possible grudge-bearers.
But all were found to have a
provable alibi for the evening
of the shooting. There was
nothing to hold them on --
nothing to link any of them with
the case...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE - DAY

37 SHOT OF FINUCANE
working quietly at his desk. Andrews puts his head in through
the door.

37

ANDREWS
Time for me to file my story,
Howard...anything new?

FINUCANE
Nothing yet. But I've been
working on this bank-messenger
case - going into the past
history of Mister Neil Chaney.
There are some interesting
angles...

The phone on the desk rings, and Finucane pauses to answer it.

FINUCANE
(continuing,
into phone)
Finucane...Yes?...

INTERCUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

38 CLOSE SHOT OF PUBLIC BOOTH
SHOOTING PAST the receiver held against the ear of an un-
identifiable caller. His voice sounds muffled.

38

38 CONTINUED:

38

CALLER

...Want a lead on that hardware
store job? Look around at four
twenty-seven Franklin...

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE

39 MEDIUM SHOT

39

The detective snatches up a pencil to make a note.

FINUCANE

(into phone)

Who's calling? May I have your
name, please?...

We hear the sound of the receiver at the other end being
clicked down. Finucane lowers his own phone, and gets right
to his feet.

FINUCANE

(explaining to Andrews)

Somebody with a tip about those
hardware store receipts.

ANDREWS

(looks at watch)

I've got a little time yet...Am
I invited?

FINUCANE

Okay. Let's take a ride.

As he heads for the door, and Andrews hurries to follow, we,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY (STOCK) - DAY

40 SHOT UNDERCOVER CAR 40
speeding down the road. Over:

ANDREWS' VOICE
Much crucial information in
police work comes from anonymous
tips... This seemed to be one
of them -- one which might open
a new phase in the current case
of bank-messenger Neil Chaney
and the missing receipts...

EXT. HALF-DEMOLISHED BUILDING - DAY

41 SHOT DETECTIVES' CAR 41
as it pulls up in front of the construction sawhorses that
block the sidewalk in front of the building.

ANDREWS' VOICE
(continuing over)
Four twenty-seven Franklin Avenue
proved to be an old office build-
ing in the process of being torn
down.

42 ANOTHER SHOT 42
Finucane starts to get out of the car. Kirk hurries out
ahead of him.

KIRK
If you don't mind, Lieutenant --
I'll just look around first.

He goes ahead into the several-story building before Finucane
can say anything. Andrews gets out of the back of the car
to join Finucane.

FINUCANE
I see Kirk's decided to be my
reconnaissance man...

ANDREWS
... To tell you the truth, Howard,
we sort of worked it out behind
your back. He goes ahead of you,
and I bring up the rear.

FINUCANE
(amused)
Well, thanks for letting me in
on it. Always nice to know
what position I'm playing.

125

43 ANOTHER SHOT 43
He starts toward the building, past a sign that warns:
"Danger - Demolition Work in Progress." As Finucane and
Andrews approach the half-wrecked building, Kirk reappears
from inside.

KIRK
In here, Lieutenant...

FINUCANE
What is it, Paul?

KIRK
Some loose checks -- empty money
bags -- a couple of bank pass-
books.

44 ANOTHER SHOT 44
Finucane and Andrews follow Kirk into a room that's missing
a ceiling and a couple of its walls. Amongst a pile of
plaster and rubble are scattered a handful of checks and
cloth bags. Finucane bends over them and examines them.

FINUCANE
... 'Artisan's Emporium'... Here's
one check dated day before yes-
terday. These are part of the
receipts all right... the ones
Chaney was taking to the bank.

The other men gather around Finucane to look at the evidence.

45 SHOT FROM ABOVE 45
ANGLING DOWN through the broken floors a couple of stories
higher. Below, we see the three men grouped around the
evidence. In f.g., we see an overhanging pile of broken wood
and beams. Suddenly the pile is moved slightly, tilted toward
the edge.

46 BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT OF MEN 46
As they look at the loose checks.

ANDREWS
... Checks and bank books...
No money.

FINUCANE
No Mister Chaney, either.

46 CONTINUED:

46

KIRK

Must've been held up... Looks like someone took the money and tossed the rest of the stuff in here.

FINUCANE

Or planted it in here...
(glancing about)
We'd better have this place searched thoroughly.

The men separate to poke through the rubble - Kirk going outside. Andrews sees something amidst some other litter against another wall.

ANDREWS

(pointing)
Over here, Howard. More checks.
Couple of bundles of them...

Finucane goes over to the litter pile to squat beside Andrews and look over the rubber-banded bundles of checks.

ANDREWS

Gonna dust them for prints?

FINUCANE

We'll try, but you can't expect much. Things like checks are usually smudged with prints from many hands --

47 NEW ANGLE

47

Some instinct makes Finucane suddenly grab Andrews, and roll with him out of the way. An instant later, the place where they'd been kneeling is buried under a thundering shower of falling wood.

48 SHOT FINUCANE AND ANDREWS

48

When the cascade stops and the dust clears, Finucane quickly jumps to his feet.

FINUCANE

Are you hurt?!

66

48

CONTINUED:

48

ANDREWS
(coughing and
sitting up)
Guess not... But I think I'll
stick to just writing the
news from now on --

But Finucane isn't listening. He's already in action. Holding his gun as best he can in his left hand, he cranes his neck to spot anyone above. Kirk runs onto scene.

FINUCANE
(sharply)
...He must be making it across
the roofs! Let's get around to
the other side -- try to head
him off!

He and Kirk dash o.s., leaving Andrews to dust himself off.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN SAN DIEGO STREET (STOCK) - DAY

49

LONG SHOT CROWDS
as they move along in a shopping area. Over:

49

ANDREWS' VOICE
But 'the other side' was Market
Street, one of San Diego's
busiest. On a week-end shopping
day, the sidewalks here are
filled with people, as they were
this morning. There was no
hope of picking anyone out of
the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP (STOCK) - DAY

50

SHOT KIRK AND AN OFFICER
as they come out on the roof and look around.

50

69

50 CONTINUED:

50

ANDREWS' VOICE
(continuing over)
A thorough search of all buildings and rooftops in the area was made -- but the man with the plan to get Finucane had gotten away again... perhaps to give it another try.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR DEMOLISHED BUILDING - DAY

51 MEDIUM SHOT 51
showing the Undercover Car, with a couple of patrol cars nosed in nearby. Officers wait outside the patrol car.

ANDREWS' VOICE
(over)
One thing was sure... If we'd ever had any doubts about his determination, they were now gone.

52 ANOTHER SHOT 52
showing Finucane, Kirk and Andrews, as they approach the Undercover Car.

FINUCANE
(looking thoughtfully at checks he holds)
... My homicidal friend seems to have made his first mistake. He's shown a connection with the missing ten thousand from the Artisan's Emporium...

KIRK
(thinking about it)
Sure doesn't sound like somebody just out for revenge...

FINUCANE
No. Of course, it doesn't rule out that possibility, either.

Andrews has been taking quick notes. He looks up.

97

52

CONTINUED:

52

ANDREWS

But if it isn't grudge-work,
Howard -- what is it?

FINUCANE

(shrugs)
... Maybe Mister Chaney can give
us an answer... If we ever find
him.

ANDREWS

How's chances for that?

FINUCANE

We've got an all-points out for
him. Not much more we can do now...
(turning to Kirk)
What about Caliente? Any word?

KIRK

Not yet, Lieutenant. They're
still checking.

FINUCANE

(explaining to Andrews)
Turns out Mister Chaney's been
quite a horse-player... Del Mar,
Caliente, Santa Anita -- he's
gotten himself known at all
of them...

ANDREWS

Big gambling debts?

FINUCANE

Not that we can find -- so far.
(takes out a
notebook and
consults a page)
I'm going to check with some
racetrack contacts. They may
have heard something...

ANDREWS

... Guess I see the direction of
your thinking. Chaney gets in
deep at the tracks, so he figures
as a bank-messenger he's good
for a phony robbery...

107

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

FINUCANE

Not necessarily. Could also be
that some wrong party there
learned about his job...

Andrews thinks about it, and throws up his hands.

ANDREWS

I still don't know how to write
up this story! Where's the
tie-in between this case and
the guy taking swipes at you?!

FINUCANE

(brows knitted)
...Maybe we just don't know
enough yet...

Finucane closes his notebook, and starts for one of the
patrol cars.

DISSOLVE TO:

45

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR DAY

53 CLOSE SHOT 53
of several pieces of mail - including a plain-wrapped,
square package - held in the hand of an Officer. CAMERA
TRAVELS with the officer as he turns off into the door to
Finucane's office.

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE

54 FULL SHOT 54
We see Kirk sitting to the side. He looks concerned,
and hardly glances up at the Officer who enters to make his
delivery.

OFFICER
Here's the Lieutenant's mail...

KIRK
Just leave it on his desk, Hank.

The Officer puts the mail down, then exits again. As he
leaves, Ben comes in.

ANDREWS
Finucane back yet?

KIRK
Not yet...
(new tone)
You know something, Ben? I ought
to've stayed with him...

ANDREWS
But he didn't want you to.

KIRK
He wouldn't have to know about it.

ANDREWS
(incredulous)
Think you can tail the Lieutenant
without him knowing about it?
You're a dreamer, boy!

KIRK
(proud of himself)
Well, I did it last night! Went
down and hung around outside his
house to watch things...

54 CONTINUED:

54

ANDREWS

I know. He told me you were there...

Kirk looks up in surprise, and Andrews grins. He sits on the edge of the desk, and glances idly at the stack of mail.

ANDREWS

(continuing)

Let's figure Finucane knows what he's doing.

KIRK

I hope so!... This guy who's out to get him isn't fooling around!

He stops suddenly, as his eye fixes on the package on Finucane's desk.

55 ANOTHER ANGLE

55

SHOOTING FROM BEHIND the wrapped package... Andrews doesn't understand Kirk's sudden, tense reaction. He follows his gaze down to the package right near his hand. Andrews looks at it for a moment -- then quickly leaps away from the desk, as the light dawns on him.

56 ANOTHER SHOT

56

Both men look suspiciously at the package -- then Andrews thinks better of it.

ANDREWS

Oh, now wait a minute! We're just getting jumpy. That's only a package for the Lieutenant... It doesn't look like a bomb to me!

KIRK

(cautiously)

Yeah? What does a bomb look like when it's wrapped up?

ANDREWS

(frowning)

... You've got a point there...

KIRK

(approaching warily)

What does it say on it?

56 CONTINUED:

56

ANDREWS
(craning to see)
It's just addressed to Finucane.

KIRK
No return address?

ANDREWS
Not that I can see...

Almost on tiptoe, Kirk goes up to the package, and gently lifts it. He studies it from all sides, then shakes it a little.

57 CLOSE SHOT OF PACKAGE 57
From inside a whirring noise suddenly starts up.

58 WIDER ANGLE 58
The sound electrifies the men. Kirk runs for the door.

KIRK
I'll carry it away from the building! Get a bucket of oil!

He rushes out; Andrews galvanizes into action and follows him.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS COURTYARD - DAY

59 SHOT OF DOOR 59
After a few moments, it flies open, and Kirk runs from the building with the package. After another second, Andrews follows him -- juggling a bucket as he goes. A couple of puzzled-looking Officers also run out. Kirk comes directly AT CAMERA. He stops in f.g. and waits for Andrews to bring up the bucket... Meanwhile, we hear the ominous whirring noise continuing inside the package.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE 60
As soon as Andrews sets down the bucket, Kirk plunges the package into it. Another tense moment, and the whirring stops... The men glance at each other, and slowly draw out the package, that now runs with streams of oil. Gingerly Kirk peels off the soaking paper and opens the package. Silently he regards the contents.

25/

60 CONTINUED:

60

ANDREWS
(looking over his
shoulder)
Well -- here's our bomb...

He reaches into the package and lifts out a very bedraggled-looking mechanical doll that's designed to whirl a hula hoop around its waist.

61 WIDER ANGLE

61

to show that Finucane has come into view, and approached the men. He stands with hands on hips, watching the tableau.

KIRK
(very lamely, to
Finucane)
... Something was buzzing inside
the package...

Andrews turns the oily winding key. The doll feebly hula hoops a couple of times -- then stops, obviously forever.

ANDREWS
A birthday present for your
niece?

FINUCANE
(drily)
That was my plan.

ANDREWS
(unhappily reaching
for his wallet)
... Tell her she'll get another...
(holding hand up to
indicate height)
And a great big extra doll, too --
from her Uncle Ben.

FINUCANE
(chuckling)
Forget it...
(to Kirk, serious)
We've got business. Bank messenger's just been found.

KIRK
Where?

61 CONTINUED:

61

FINUCANE

Under the pilings of the B Street
Pier. Chaney was shot in the head...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGUE AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

62 MEDIUM SHOT

62

of Finucane and Andrews as they talk to DOCTOR RAMSAY.
Behind Ramsay, a sheet-covered figure lies on one of the
tables. Personal items -- wallet, etc., are heaped beside
it.

RAMSAY

...About fifty-six hours, I'd
say, Lieutenant.

FINUCANE

(half to himself)

... That'd put it back just about
the time he was expected at the
bank two days ago...

(to Ramsay)

Was he in the water all that time?

RAMSAY

Far as we can tell... Another
thing: he shows some signs of a
struggle... Bruises and scratches.
Of course, the cause of death was
this bullet in the base of the
skull.

He holds up a misshapen slug. Finucane takes it.

FINUCANE

Thanks, Doctor Ramsay... We'll run
this right through ballistics...

As he and Kirk turn to leave, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY (STOCK)

63 SHOT OF LAB WORKER
doing a microscopic ballistic check. Over:

63

ANDREWS' VOICE
Ballistics experts were set to
work immediately on the death
bullet... A thirty-two caliber
bent out of shape -- but with
its gun-barrel markings as plain
and identifiable as a fingerprint...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE - DAY

64 CLOSE SHOT OF FINUCANE AT DESK
as he studies an assortment of items in front of him --
a wallet, key chain, comb, pen, notebook, etc. Continuing
over:

64

ANDREWS' VOICE
... While waiting for the report,
Finucane went over the possessions
found on Chaney's body... He believ-
ed that somewhere, connected with
the finding of Chaney might be
the solution to two mysteries:
the robbery-murder of the bank
messenger, and the attempted
murder of himself...

65 WIDER ANGLE
showing Andrews also leaning over the desk to examine the
items.

65

FINUCANE
(explaining to him)
You see, Ben -- there's another
theory to fit these events...
Chaney was picked up outside
the Artisan's Emporium, possibly
by somebody he knew. Somebody
with a plan for robbery. But
Chaney resisted -- and it turned
into murder.

ANDREWS
Okay -- but where do you fit?

65 CONTINUED:

65

FINUCANE
(thoughtfully going
through wet pages
of notebook)
... The killer knew Chaney's
body was sure to be found
sooner or later... And with it,
perhaps something that links
directly to him... Maybe some-
thing only I would know...

The phone on the desk rings, and Finucane lifts the receiver.

FINUCANE
(into phone)
Finucane...

INTERCUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

66 SHOT OF JACK BAILEY
as he talks quickly into the phone.

66

BAILEY
Lieutenant...? Jack Bailey.
Listen, I got some more dope on
this guy who's after you...
yeah -- hold-up... and it's
dynamite!
(looking around him)
Listen, I can't talk here...
can you meet me alone some place?

INT. FINUCANE'S OFFICE

67 SHOT OF FINUCANE AND ANDREWS
as Finucane continues into the phone:

67

FINUCANE
All right -- where?
(listens and nods)
B Level... Make it in half an
hour.

Finucane hangs up and gets to his feet.

67 CONTINUED:

67

FINUCANE

(continuing)

Things are beginning to break,
Ben. Bailey's heard something...

(heading for door)

Tell Paul to wait for that
ballistics report. I'll be
back in an hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

68 CLOSE SHOT
 of sign over door identifying "Press Room!"

68

INT. PRESS ROOM

69 SHOT OF ANDREWS
 as he works at the teletype machine. The door in b.g.
 opens, and Kirk looks in.

69

 KIRK
Ben - have you seen the Lieuten-
ant around?

 ANDREWS
 (glancing at watch)
Should be back in half an hour...

 KIRK
 (glancing at paper he
 holds)
...We got the ballistics.
 (shaking head)
Looks like another dead-end. Bullet
traces to a gun reported lost or
stolen six months ago.

 ANDREWS
 (interest sharpened
 at news)
Where from?

 KIRK
Pawn shop. Over on McClure Place...

70 CLOSE SHOT OF ANDREWS
 At the mention of the name of the street, his head snaps
 up -- and his eyes slowly widen. We hear Kirk con-
 tinuing to talk to him, but his voice fades out:

70

 KIRK
 (Continuing)
They reported several items miss-
ing at the time, including this
thirty-two -- serial number six
oh four, six nine five... The
Lieutenant had a ballistics
reading on it in the files --

CAMERA HOLDS on Andrews' shocked expression, as Kirk's
voice fades lower and lower.

74

70 CONTINUED:

70

ANDREWS' VOICE

(over)

... McClure Place. The name rang like a shot in my ears. Finucane'd mentioned it yesterday - asking informer Jack Bailey if he still worked in a shop there...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

71 CLOSE SHOT OF MIDDLE-AGED PROPRIETOR 71
as he talks into the phone. On shelves behind him we can recognize the usual detritus of the pawn shop. Above the shelves, a sign identifies: "Pacific Loan Co." Continuing over:

ANDREWS' VOICE

I told Kirk about it - and a quick call to the Pacific Loan shop established that Jack Bailey had worked for them about the time of the gun's disappearance...

We see the Proprietor nod his head.

ANDREWS' VOICE

Here was the connection that Finucane had suspected. The one between him and the killer. It led straight to Jack Bailey - the very man Finucane was meeting somewhere right then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET SCENE (STOCK) - DAY

72 SHOT OF PATROL CAR 72
moving at top speed down the road. In b.g. we hear the high whine of its siren.

86

72 CONTINUED:

72

ANDREWS' VOICE
... I reviewed every word of
Finucane's phone conversation
with Bailey, trying to recall
anything giving a meeting place.
Finally I remembered something
about a 'B Level...'

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PUBLIC GARAGE

73 CLOSE SHOT OF CONCRETE PILLAR 73
with the sign on it identifying: 'B Level - Parking.
Leave Your Keys - Pay As You Exit.'

ANDREWS' VOICE
(continuing over)
And we figured out 'B Level' could
only mean the second public-park-
ing deck in the central under-
ground garage...

74 WIDER ANGLE 74
to show part of the parking level, with a few autos parked
in the big, echoing, emptying space. The Undercover Car,
with Finucane at the wheel, drives slowly onto scene.

75 CAMERA TRAVELS 75
with the slow-moving Undercover Car. Passing behind
another pillar, we see Jack Bailey crouching down and
training his rifle at the driver. CAMERA HOLDS here,
with Bailey in f.g. Carefully he squeezes off -- and
the slug makes a spider-web of shattered glass at the
window right beside Finucane's head. The Lieutenant
topples down and out of sight, as the Undercover Car
comes to a halt.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE 76.
There is a moment of silence. Cautiously Bailey approaches
the vehicle. Like a stalking cat, he looks over the
splintered window glass - then peers into the car. His
expression changes, and he wrenches open the car door.
We can see the seat inside the door is empty.

44

77 ANOTHER SHOT 77
Gun in hand, Finucane rises from behind the front grille of the car and advances on Bailey.

FINUCANE
(quietly)
Bullet-proof glass, Bailey...

Bailey whirls around, and Finucane barks a command at him.

FINUCANE
Drop the rifle!

Stunned, Bailey complies.

FINUCANE
(continuing)
Hands against the car!

Bailey starts to lean against the car -- then suddenly flings back the partly open car door to block Finucane's shot at him. He runs low and fast -- making for a car parked to the side. He gets behind the wheel, ducking Finucane's second shot at him, and starts the car up. Obviously Finucane is bothered by his left-handed gun handling.

78 ANOTHER SHOT 78
Above a tunnel leading upward, we see an arrow-sign indicating an "Exit." The patrol car carrying Kirk and Andrews roars into sight at the mouth of the tunnel, and it screeches to a halt. Kirk and Andrews both pile out -- just as Bailey's car tears around in a wide circle and barrels for the exit lane. Petrified, Andrews stands right in its path -- and Bailey makes no attempt to stop.

79 SHOT OF FINUCANE 79
He takes careful aim, and shoots low.

80 CLOSE SHOT 80
of whirling tire. A bullet puncture blows it out.

81 SHOT OF BAILEY'S CAR 81
as the blow-out makes it wobble off course -- finally slamming it into one of the concrete pillars.

82 ANOTHER SHOT - FAVORING ANDREWS 82
As Kirk runs to the halted car and drags Bailey out from behind the wheel, Andrews unsteadily wipes his forehead. Finucane hurries up to him.

11

83 TWO SHOT FINUCANE AND ANDREWS

83

FINUCANE
You all right, Ben?

ANDREWS
(weakly, getting his
breath)
... Long as I don't try to walk.
Feels like somebody took the pins
out of my knees...
(looking toward Bailey's
car)
... Howard, yesterday you said
something about owing me two --

FINUCANE
That's right. I did.

ANDREWS
Well, do me a favor, buddy... As
of now -- mark it 'paid in full'...

Grinning, Finucane puts an arm around Andrews' shoulder,
and walks him back toward the patrol car, as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END

